

# Ladies' LITERARY OR, Museum



## Weekly Repository.

“ Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other.”

### The Adventures of a Night.

A ROMANCE. (Continued.)

#### CHAPTER II.

With an aching heart, young Roger sought his gentle Ursula, to impart to her the success of his interview with his father. They mingled their sighs and tears! It is at the age of eighteen—when the tears are chased by a hand beloved ere they fall—that we feel ‘the luxury of woe.’ A thousand times did they renew the vow of eternal constancy; a thousand times did they say adieu; and a thousand times did they return to repeat those vows, and to say the word adieu! They imagined a thousand ways of softening the rigid father; it is so easy to hope, when what we wish constitutes our supreme happiness! While the lovers thus kept alive their hopes of softening Mr. Dob, he on the other hand was devising very different schemes; yet none so arbitrary as those with which he had threatened his son. Roger was very dear to him; it grieved his heart to afflict him; but it also grieved him to take as a daughter-in-law a portionless girl, to whose family he had a very particular objection, with which the reader will hereafter be made acquainted—for the present, he must content himself with accompany-

N<sup>o</sup> 4.

ing Mr. Dob to his country seat, whither his son also went, much against his wishes, after having promised frequently to write to his beloved Ursula; and I leave it to the first young girl in love who may read this chapter, to determine, if the tender Ursula promised to make any reply.

After a very few days’ residence in the country, poor Mr. Dob found himself under the dominion of the fiend *ennui*, in spite of hearing it daily repeated that he *ought* to be highly amused. His *suite* of hangers-on had not deprived him of their company, it is true; but they could not eat all day, neither could their patron listen from morn till night to their flattery. The news of the day discussed....the last new pamphlet criticised....conversation flagged; and each additional phrase was ushered in with a yawn.

At length, one fine day, soon after the breakfast hour was past, the party was increased by the arrival from Paris of a young acquaintance of Mr. Dob. He produced all the effect of a new comer in a circle of idlers. He was surrounded, questioned, examined; but, thanks to the care with which he conformed to the fashion of the times, it was full five minutes before any one had discovered the identity of their visitor. His features were not even discernible. At length, hav-

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ing pulled down his cravat, and raised his Brutus' wig. Mr. Dob beheld Dubert, the intimate friend of his son—Dubert, with whom he talks literature—Dubert, who carefully supplies him with the daily novelties which issue from the piazzas of the Palais Egalite. 'Welcome, Dubert!' exclaimed he; 'most welcome, if you bring with you some books!' 'Aye,' replied the young man, with a smile of triumph, 'they are books indeed! we shall see what you will say to them!'—'Where are they? let me have them; read and sleep!'—'Sleep! if you get any sleep for the first week after you read them, I will allow you to talk of sleep.' 'What is all this . . . ?' Dubert assumed a look of consequence; Mr. Dob stared at him, without being able to discover the meaning of these significant changes of countenance. Dubert calls for a rose-wood box, he takes from his pocket a small key, and opens the box with a solemnity which imposes silence. Twenty or thirty volumes appear; ten hands are extended to seize them; at a movement of Dubert the hands are all withdrawn. A little man, 'fresh and fair,' who had taken up the profession of apothecary, since that of *abbe* had been banished from the order of things, but who had not forgotten his *ci-devant* employment of singing and reciting the sonnets of the day, in the boudoir, or at the toilette, advanced, and, in an insinuating tone, requested permission to read aloud the titles. Proud of being accepted, after having cleared his throat, blown his nose, expectorated once or twice, and taken breath, he read as follows to his auditors, who surrounded him, each with his chin stretched on his neighbour's shoulder, awaiting with anxiety what should issue from the lips of the oracle:—Hubert de Sevrac; The Sicilian Romance; Celestina; The Tomb; Grasville Abbey; The Mysteries of Udolpho; The Romance of the Forest; The Italian, or Confessional of the Black Penitents.' 'Halt my friend,' cried Mr. Dob, 'are you crazy, with your Mysteries, Abbeys, Confessions, and Penitents? No one now reads books of devotion—not even those of the ancien regime.' 'Books of devotion! they are romances!' answered Dubert. 'Romances!' exclaimed Mr. Dob. 'Romances!' re-echoed the rest of the company; and the circle grew smaller in space than before. The apothecary continued, with a voice strengthened by curiosity. 'Ambrosio, or the Monk;' but scarce had these words passed his

lips ere he turned pale; and the book dropped from his trembling hands, as he started back. The circle extended itself in an instant, each with his eyes fixed on the reader, endeavouring to discern in his features the cause of his alarm. Dubert alone smiles; Dubert alone is in the secret. The doctor had chanced to cast his eyes on the frontispiece, which represented the Devil in propria persona carrying by his scalp the prior of the Dominicans of Madrid over Sierra Morena. Struck with astonishment at such a representation at the head of a work, said to be the favourite study of the prettiest woman, the medical Adonis had not been able to control his first impulse of fear. Mr. Dob is the first to gather resolution enough to approach the box. He seizes the volumes one after the other—examines the frontispiece of each; he sees spectres, magicians, poignards—he trembles with delight—he is transported, and exclaims with enthusiasm, 'Is it possible that the contents relate to these prints? Ah these are works really written for me! Thus are all my wishes fulfilled!' He snatches up the box, and carries it off with the same delight with which Harpagon receives his last treasure.

'Well,' said Dubert the next day when he saw Mr. Dob, 'what have you read?' 'Read! I have read *The Confessional of the Black Penitents*.' 'Of which the hero,' said Dubert, 'is not a Black Penitent, and still less a Confessional. But we must not be too particular; it makes a fine sounding title, and that is often the principal part of the book.' 'I confess,' said Mr. Dob, 'that at first I was rather startled at the idea of a young man of family in love with an orphan—parents all opposition through the first volume, to be all complacency in the last: 'Ah!' said I, 'how have I been deceived! it is the old story, nothing but the old story! But soon was I comforted; monks, ruins, daggers, pilgrims, convents, vestments stained with blood, and poisons, soon dispelled my fears least all should be according to rule. From all this I went into the prisons of the Inquisition, from whence like Vivaldi, I feared I should never be set free.' 'And were you not delighted with the dexterity with which the good man Zampiri contrives to be every where, without ever being seen, and to speak in a room where only two or three inquisitors have the right to open their lips without being heard by any one but the person he addressed? All this is rather obscure, as well as

some other parts of the work; but I think a romance is all the better for that: perhaps the author means to give *'the solution in her next,'* which would not be a bad plan of winding up a denouement. I will write to England and propose this idea for the benefit of future romance writers.' 'But that slight defect is well atoned for, by the miraculous manner in which Zampiri is poisoned by Schedoni, who foretels his death with the same authority and precision with which Mahomet foretels the death of Said.' 'There is, however, one point in which they differ: the spectator knows how and when Omar gives the poison to the brother of Palmyra; instead of which, no one, not even the author, knows how Schedoni contrived to poison his enemy. That wretched Zampiri! he was born under some malignant planet; for he receives a pistol shot in the ruins of Paluzzi, when it was a thousand to one against the jovial Paul's hitting any one; but then, to be even with him, the courageous monk, although 'wounded severely,' never utters a cry; leaves his bloody garment in the dungeon, in which he shut Vivaldi and his servant, who of course were extremely frightened at such a spectacle.' 'You are right, my dear Dubert; the *Confessional of the Black Penitents* is a fine work; but it has its defects.' 'And how do you like *Grasville Abbey?*' inquired Dubert, as Mr. Dob laid the last volume on the table. 'How do I like it? it is sublime! divine! Nothing more interesting than *that* father Peter; nothing more natural than the manner in which he performs his prodigies; nothing more cleverly or naturally managed than the presence of mind with which d'Olifont contrives to conduct his benefactor almost to the scaffold, by taking from his pocket a false note on the Venice Bank, while the other presents a pistol to him; but at last, in order to prove that he has forgiven him, he is precisely the person whom he chooses to walk with every night in the western turret. It is to him he confides a secret of the greatest importance—at least so says the author, and I take it upon trust. It is true, that father Pierre proves himself worthy of the confidence by keeping his oath.' 'In much the same manner as Philoctetus keeps the one he made not to discover the arrows of Hercules,' said Dubert, who liked as well to read *Telemachus*, as the most ruined of all English romances. 'Ah! you may laugh, but I assure you, that I actually shivered through the whole of the second volume.' 'And you yawned through the other,' said Dubert, smiling. 'Do you remember a certain supper where Alfred was half seas over? There comes a clap of thunder; then a spectre in the next room; then in the night Matilda sees—' 'La Pierre, you will put your bed into my room to-night'—'Then

think of the visit of the two young Mazerinis to the ruined apartments, where every thing is mildewed; where every thing moves when least expected.' 'Surely I see something there; La Pierre, there is not light enough; bring more lights!' As Mr. Dob uttered these words, a terrible noise was heard in the antichamber, followed by a shriek, and the sound of several sonorous bodies knocking each other. Mr. Dob started, and hid his face in his hands; Dubert laughed heartily; and Mr. Dob looking up, beheld a domestic carrying the remnants of bottles and glasses which he had intended for the desert. 'What is it?' said he, alarmed at the terrified countenance before him. The poor lad replied to the question by holding to view the plate on which were the broken glasses. 'Who hit that dreadful blow? who uttered that piercing shriek?' enquired he, half in anger, half in terror. 'Alas, sir, the wind blew the door against me and the glasses.' 'And you are a numbscull not to know that you should always gently shut the door in a house where one reads English romances.' [To be continued.]

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[From the London Ladies' Literary Museum.]

CENSORIUS is now in his fifty-seventh year, blest with fortune and endowed with health; but, from an envious and contracted heart, appears at warfare with the human race. Out of humour with himself, and disgusted with the world, he has long retired from a public scene, and, in exposing the faults of his neighbours and relations, seems to enjoy a cynical delight. His heart is a stranger to sympathy and affection, and he is incapable of tasting either pleasure or repose; yet he has a secret satisfaction in casting a shade upon perfection, and exhibiting failings in a meridian glare. His family, instead of seeking his society, and offering those civilities his relationship might claim, avoid his presence with as studious care as they would a city infected by the plague. Tho the heart of Censorius is incapable of affection, he feels the want of those attentions which other men enjoy; yet, instead of correcting that severity which repels their kindness, each day adds something to the former share. Notwithstanding the many complaints against the calamities of life, it is certain that more constant uneasiness arises from ill-temper than ill-fortune; and the man who embitters his days by the indulgence of spleen, can have no right to murmur at the decree of Heaven. Censorius is continually complaining of his connexions, and lamenting the want of that affection he knows not how to gain; but let him learn to cherish tenderness towards mankind, before he repines at a deficiency of it towards himself.



*A LADY'S MS. PORT-FOLIO.*

## No. II.

## A FRAGMENT.

When he came to the house, he found a servant sitting in the porch, and he enquired eagerly if Mr. Hartop was within. 'No, sir,' she replied, 'he is just gone to speak over his daughter's grave.' 'Whose grave?' interrupted Melmoth, in a fluttering voice. 'Miss Julia's, Sir; she died last week of a consumption. That gate opens into the churchyard.' Melmoth felt the intelligence in every nerve; it was as the cold point of a dagger at his heart; he did not utter a word in reply—his feelings would not let him; he stood motionless as a statue, gazing on vacancy, and lost in the sensations which harrowed up his soul. All the fond hopes which he had cherished so long, were now extinguished, and in the very moment when he expected their completion. He walked up to the gate, but he could not open it; it led to a scene which he knew would unman him; he let the latch fall, and burst into tears.

An interval of reason succeeded. It was an interval of patience, humility, and hope; but it was short. The frenzy of his soul returned; he burst the gate open, and rushed violently through. As he hurried along the path that winded among the tomb-stones, his eye looked around involuntarily for the objects it most dreaded to fix on, and it soon found them. A number of mourners had ranged themselves in a circle round a grave on one side. It was an interesting group; and Melmoth drew near to examine the weeping figures that composed it. They were villagers, whose families Julia had been enabled, by her father, to support, and who had asked leave to pay this last tribute of gratitude to her memory. Mr. Hartop stood advanced a few steps before the rest, with the volume of inspiration in his hand. There was a manly resignation expressed in his countenance, and a firmness in the tone of his voice, which shamed Melmoth for his weakness, except now and then when a tear stole down his cheek and melted his accents. He had lost all that was dear to him in this world, and his soul was now ready to take its flight. A good man struggling with adversity, and rising amidst all its efforts to depress him, is an object on which Angels may look down with delight, and which the divine Being must contemplate with peculiar complacency.

As soon as the funeral service was over, and the mourners had departed, Melmoth stepped up to the grave and looked eagerly in. The frantic wildness of his air struck the sexton who was preparing to throw the earth into it, and he stood, fixed in silent astonishment, with his foot lifted up on his spade. Melmoth kept bending over with his eye strained to the inscription on the lid of the coffin. Within were the remains of one whom he had chosen from the rest of the world—she was indeed his world. Her eyes now forever closed, had once—and who could not have interpreted their language—had once conversed tenderly with his; the thought cut him to the soul; he could not bear it; and he walked hastily away. But he had not gone two paces when his strength failed him, and he turned back to take another look; he was too late; the sexton had already fallen to work, and the coffin was to be seen no more, for the last spadeful of earth had covered it. A tear started into his eye at the disappointment; he looked wishfully at the man a moment, but he had not the heart to reproach him for it. Every feeling within him was turned to tenderness; he fetched a deep sigh and walked slowly away, weeping as he walked. In his return to the parsonage, he met some of the mourners who had been conducting Mr. Hartop home, and he commanded firmness enough to enquire the particulars of an event, the sudden disclosure of which had so unmanned him. Mr. Hartop, they said, had been confined the year before by a long and dangerous illness; and the closeness and anxiety with which his daughter had attended him, during that period, had brought on a slow fever that threw her into a decline. When Melmoth came to the gate, he felt himself but ill-qualified to act the part of a comforter, and he took a turn in the garden, in order to compose himself. Julia had not left the shades which she had rendered so dear to him; they were all full of her—he saw her in every object; he felt her at every step; at every instant he heard her well known voice, "sweet as the shepherd's pipe, upon the mountains." In every wood scene her gentle figure appeared at a distance among the trees; she sat on every bench, and stood listening beside every waterfall. He took a path that soon brought him to the edge of a small pool, hung round with willows. It was a scene in unison with his feelings; and he threw himself on a seat, to indulge the

melancholy which had taken possession of his soul. He looked back on the past, and every sensation within him accused him of folly to the Hartops. To have delayed an alliance even for a moment with such virtue, would have shewn him unworthy of it; but to go abroad, to linger so long in a foreign country, to seek the society of strangers, while Julia was alive, betrayed such insensibility, that he could never forgive himself. He was rising in an agony of vexation and despair, when happening to turn his eye towards the tree round which the seat was fixed, he observed his name cut on the bark of it; his heart instantly told him who had done it. Julia did not forget him, tho he deserted Julia. The idea of having wronged her was more than he could bear; every better feeling revolted at it; he took out his pen-knife, and, wiping the tears that dim'd his eye, he cut Julia Hartop close under his own name. The tree, said he, shall not bear such a memorial of her affection, and none of mine. By the time he had finished, he had acquired some degree of composure; and he ventured to return to the house. When he reached the door, he found it open, and he stepped into the hall. He waited a few minutes for a servant to introduce him, but none happened to come; and after a little hesitation, he walked softly into the parlour. The first object that met his eye was the venerable figure of his friend, sitting by a table, and leaning on his hand, with his eyes cast down in the attitude of meditation. The sight of the room in which they had last met, gave him back the sensation he felt then. When he looked around on the furniture, and saw every chair and table, every flower piece and drawing, just in the places he left them, Julia entered his bosom, and touched at a thousand points. He trembled, and would have given the world to go back. He made an effort to speak; but the voice he would have uttered was lost. Mr. Hartop lifted his eyes from the ground; at the sight of Melmoth, he started from his seat. He took his hand; he looked him full in the face; the tears came at last. "You are come, Sir," said he, "to a house of mourning; but I hope you will not repent of your visit. The obligation it confers is deeply felt. I have suffered severely in my family since I saw you last. I have lost a daughter—and such a daughter——" He paused. "I have had the distress to see her die

by inches before my face—and with such angel meekness did she bear it all—" He paused again—nature melted within him at the thought—it revived the images of tenderness in his memory—and all the father rushed into his eyes. He could not but remember such things were, and were most dear to him. "But I am not without consolation," he added, pointing with a triumphant action of the finger to a bible that lay open on the table. "I am not without hope—that book assures me we shall meet again, meet in a better and happier world, never, never, to be parted!" He cast a look upwards as he said this. A silence of a few moments followed. He stepped up to the mantle piece, and taking down a portrait of Julia, he presented it to Melmoth. "I was charged," said he, "to deliver this, sir, as soon as the original was no more. She drew it herself a little before she died; and in her last moments, she intrusted it with me, as her legacy to one with whom she had once wished to be united." Melmoth gazed on the miniature, with a kind of weeping rapture, that wants a name; he doats on every feature till imagination gave it life; he saw again that face with all its touching sweetness of expression, which his heart had just told him he should see no more; and he forgot for a moment that he held only the semblance in his hand. Mr. Hartop felt himself overcome; every nerve that he had, was shaken; and he walked up to the window to conceal his emotion. A robin at that instant flew down to pick up some crumbs that had been thrown upon the grass-plot—he burst into tears—Julia had been wont to feed it!

The good old man did not long survive his daughter. A shock so severe soon broke a constitution which time had already shattered; and when he died, he left his little all to Melmoth. He was buried, as he had desired, in the same grave with his daughter, and but one plain inscription marks the spot.

Melmoth immediately returned into the active scenes of life. A natural gaiety of temper, and a fine flow of spirits, soon dispelled the gloom which hung over his mind. But the loss he had sustained was never forgotten; and often in his brightest moments, when the image of his Julia crossed his mind, he would step aside into the shade, to dwell on her virtues, and feel the melancholy luxury of tears.

## Mrs. Madison.

The consort of the late president of the United States, whose maiden name was Paine, was born in the year 1772. Shortly after that period her father emigrated from Virginia to this city. He had three daughters who were educated according to the principles of the Friends; a class of people which is eminently distinguished for the exemplary conduct of its members. In the year 1790 this lady became the wife of John Todd, esq. a practitioner at our bar. He died in 1793, and in the following year his widow was united to her present husband.

It is our privilege to offer a passing testimony to distinguished excellence; but on the present occasion we do not feel authorised to enter into the usual details of biography. At a time when the restless spirit of party covered every path with thorns, this lady held the branch of reconciliation, and she well deserves a place among those who endeavour to promote peace and good will. In the exalted station from which she recently descended, she never neglected her early friends, but extended to all who approached her, those attentions which add dignity to the great and inspire the humble with confidence. A politician of the present day, exclaimed on a memorable occasion, 'we are all federalists, we are all republicans.' In her intercourse with society, Mrs. Madison reduced this liberal sentiment to practice; her circle was at once the model of polished life and the dwelling of cheerfulness.

We had the pleasure of seeing her some years ago on the occasion of a splendid fete, which was given by his excellency M. Daschkoff, the minister from Russia, in honour of the natal day of his sovereign. We remarked the ease with which she glided into the stream of conversation and accommodated herself to its endless variety. In the art of conversation she is said to be distinguished; and it became evident in the course of the evening, that the gladness which played in the countenances of those whom she approached, was inspired by something more than mere respect. We fear that our artists have not presented an adequate representation of the features of this lady. We have not forgotten how admirably the air of dignity was softened by the smile of gayety; and it is pleasing to recal a certain expression that must have been created by the happiest of all dispositions—a wish to please, and a willingness to be pleased. This, indeed, is to be truly good and really great. Like a summer's sun she rose in our political horizon, gloriously, and she sunk benignly.

[Port Folio.]

## The Olio.

BY MARMADUKE MEDLEY, ESQ.  
AND OTHERS.

No. IV.—From the garret of Tim Syllabub, Esq.

"It is of no consequence of what parents any man is born, so that he be a man of merit."

How often do we find it the case, that a man who has risen in the world from some lowly origin, by honest industry, prudence and economy, should be ashamed and offended, if you in the least touch on the subject, or by some unguarded expression cause him to remember that his grandfather followed the honourable profession of a shoemaker, or his uncle beautified his brother's labour by the less honourable task of blacking them! On the other hand, the ruined spendthrift who has wasted in profligacy, extravagance and dissipation, a handsome fortune, will not fail to tell you that his mother was presented with a necklace worth five hundred dollars; that his uncle was famous for his wine and horses; and that he himself went to school in his father's carriage! From what can this extraordinary vanity arise? Is it possible the coxcomb imagines the wealth of his progenitors adds one iota of importance to his present abject state, or that his taylor would let him have a coat on trust *now*, because he was formerly accustomed to wear two in a month? Is it to his credit that his parents were affluent while he suffers the cruel distresses ever attendant on poverty? Alas! it is but a tacit acknowledgement that he has sunk by vice and immorality to the depths of misery and unavailing repentance! But why has the rich man to be ashamed? is it dishonourable to have been prudent, or brave, or just, to have by personal exertion placed himself in a situation, where he enjoys all the delights wealth can bestow, and the reward of his virtue in the affection of numerous friends, and an approved conscience? What a simpleton must he be, who despises the engines by which he has exalted himself, and would make others forget, and forget *himself*, that to them he owes all he at present possesses! The man who is weak enough to indulge in this childish failing, must often meet with accidents, which, though trifling in themselves, must be to him a source of pain and vexation! Mercator was brought into the world to struggle with fortune from his infancy, and to owe to his labours the very morsel that sustained



him. Blest with an indefatigable disposition, and a penetrating judgment, he pushed his way through every obstacle, and by degrees, and step by step, he at last found his exertions crowned with success, and a large fortune and splendid establishment at his command.

It was my fortune last week to dine with him, (for poor as I am I sometimes do fall into those good things,) a numerous circle of friends surrounded his hospitable board, which was loaded with all the delicacies which art can produce or wealth procure! The viands, jellies, ices and wines were most exquisite, and the smiling countenances of our host and his delighted guests proved how they severally enjoyed their entertainment. But unluckily in the midst of our mirth the discourse turned on shoes. The elegance of the present fashion was largely descanted on, and the conversation soon changed from the articles themselves to the *makers* of them. A cousin of Mercator, who was present, (for the latter was never ashamed of his relations,) was expatiating on the extreme beauty and execution of the person he employed in his younger days; and added, nodding to our host, by the bye he was very partial to your mother, but she, like a wise woman, 'preferred the head to the heels;' 'how so?' was instantly enquired. 'Because, sir, (with a loud laugh at his own wit) she married a hair-dresser.' Scarcely was this sentence pronounced than an instant change took place. Mercator, mortified in the extreme, shewed his vexation in every possible manner. His servants were unjustly rated and confused at his displeasure, made a hundred mistakes; he pronounced this dish too much done, that had not been near the fire; the fish was too soft, the beef was so hard it could not be cut; his claret was sour and his Madeira detestable. In short he let us know in a few words that we had not before us a single article worth eating. The effect may easily be conceived. The guests one by one from the gay laugh fell into grave discourse, to which succeeded an almost total silence, and as soon as politeness would admit, they dropped off severally at an early hour. Thus was destroyed by an ill-timed jest on one part, and a reprehensible vanity on the other, a few convivial hours of social enjoyment; and disappointment and regret were all that remained of pleasure which seemed certain of continuing. Why should we give way to a failing, which may, in many in-

stances, be a source of pain? Can the rank or riches of our forefathers add one single lustre to our fame? or can their poverty be a reproach to those who have proved it may be overcome by industry and fortitude? It has been observed by a former writer on this subject, that "the borrowed light of ancestors and relations is the most contemptible of all fictitious merit. From such splendid objects the rays are reflected no doubt, but they are reflected merely to make darkness visible." Let not then our enquiries be, were our ancestors great? but, were they just, honourable and upright? did they leave a good name behind them? and did they live respected and die regretted? if they did, let it be our study to follow their good example, and by a course of virtue and rectitude prove that we are worthy of being their descendants, and that we wish to leave to our children's children the same cause for triumph and congratulation. But if they were not so virtuous as we could have wished, let us convince the world that it is possible "for an evil tree to bring forth good fruit," and endeavor to atone for *their* misconduct by our correctness of deportment and principles! In short, let our only shame be the shame of doing evil. TIM. SYLLABUB.

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#### BEAUTY.

I saw a dew-drop, cold and clear,  
Dance on the myrtle spray;  
Fair colors deckt the lucid tear,  
Like those which bloom and disappear  
When show'rs and sunbeams play;  
The sun arose with rays severe,  
And scorcht the pearl away!

High on a slender, polisht stem,  
A fragrant lily grew;  
On the pure petals many a gem  
Glitter'd....a native diadem  
Of healthy morning dew:  
A blast of ling'ring winter came,  
And snappt the stem in two!

Fairer than morning's early tear,  
Or lily's snowy bloom,  
Shines Beauty in its vernal year,  
Bright, sparkling, fascinating, clear,  
And thoughtless of its doom:  
Death pours a sudden poison near,  
And sweeps it to the tomb!

[By our Letter-Box.]

### TO A FRIEND,

*Who had a Beautiful Wife, and who was always complaining.*

No more, my friend, of trifling ills complain,  
You have *your share* of happiness below;  
If aught on earth should give your bosom pain,  
A TENDER WIFE can ease the smart of woe.

Should adverse fortune, in rude whirlwinds, roar  
Around your head, and fill with grief your breast;  
The virtuous Fair can calm the raging sore,  
And lull each conflict of the mind to rest.

With Beauty blest, devote your days to love,  
Let your chief pleasure center in your Wife;  
And always constant as the turtle-dove,  
In tender union pass the span of life. W.E.H.

### EPITAPH,

*For the tomb-stone of J. G.*

The great, the rich, the strong, the brave,  
Alike must feel the stroke of death;  
Not virtue's self frail man can save,  
Or stop one hour the fleeting breath.

But tho his tenement of clay,  
Here mingles with its mother earth;  
Th'immortal part has fled away,  
To Nature's God, who gave it birth. W.E.H.

*The discerning reader will not only be pleased with the perusal of this poetical morceau, but will also observe in it all that delicacy of thought and easy grace of diction, which ought always constitute the close and secret charm of a Song.*

### SONG.

MARY, tis said, that all my vows  
Are to thy fortune paid;  
Alas! my HEART, he little knows,  
Who thinks my love a trade.  
Were I of all these woods the lord,  
One berry from thy hand,  
More real pleasure would afford,  
Than all my large command.  
My humble love has learnt to live  
On what the nicest maid,  
Without a conscious blush, may give  
Beneath the myrtle shade!

## EDITOR'S DIARY.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1818.

"Wonders will never cease!"—We have heard of 'ex post facto' laws, and also of their having been actually passed; but never, until now, have we heard of criticism *a priori*! In the American Centinel of Monday last, a Mr. Grout has signified his intention to publish a criticism on the Oration which IS TO BE delivered commemorative of the late Dr. Caspar Wistar. This Oration will not be delivered perhaps within a month hence, so that Mr. G. will have sufficient leisure to arrange his critical ideas. It reminds us of speeches manufactured for certain members of Congress, which we have known to be printed, altho never uttered on the floor of the house.

## Marriage Register.

The following, we believe, is a correct list of all the Marriages, consummated and published in this city, since the commencement of the present year; tho it is not improbable, errors may have escaped us, from the multiplicity of papers which we were obliged to examine. We are desirous of presenting our fair readers with as perfect a "Marriage Register" as is practicable; and shall therefore be obliged to any person who will favor us with such intelligence. It is the general practice with printers to charge a dollar for the insertion of every marriage notice—but the "Ladies' L. Museum" not being an *advertising* paper, we shall cheerfully insert all such communications, *gratis*.

### MARRIED,

IN THIS CITY, by the right rev. bishop White, Mr. Wm. S. Smith to Miss Isabel Smith.

By the rev. Dr. Staughton, Wm. J. Paxson, esq. to Miss Elizabeth G. Johnson.

By the rev. Dr. Broadhead, Dr. Caspar Schaeffer to Mrs. Sarah Hahn.

By the rev. Mr. Mayer, Mr. Wm. T. Elder to Miss Eliza Lentz.

By the rev. Dr. Holcombe, Mr. Wm. Marot to Miss Mary Shelmerdine.

By the rev. J. M. Douglass, Mr. Samuel A. Price to Miss Sarah Bickham.

By the rev. R. M'Cartee, Mr. Wm. A. Lewis to Miss Elizabeth W. Billings.

At Trenton, N. J. in Friend's Meeting House, Caleb Richardson, of Philadelphia, to Sarah Newbold, of Trenton.

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